

# An old time Tragedy

PZ

3

B9806

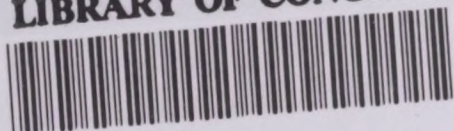
0

FT MEADE

GenColl

## Mary Bull

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00019398092



Class PZ 3

Book B9806 O

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





AN  
OLD TIME TRAGEDY



BY  
MARY BUTT

THE  
Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

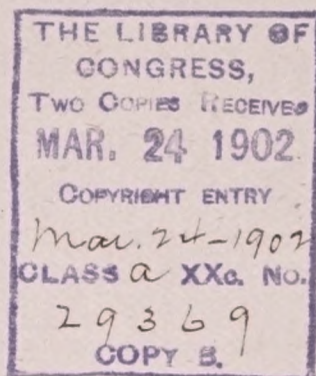
FIFTH AVENUE

London

NEW YORK

Montreal

PZ3  
B98065



Copyright, 1901,  
by  
THE  
Abbey Press



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
An Old Time Tragedy.....	5
The Lovers Meet in the Glen.....	14
A Bitter Repulse.....	21
Haunted.....	30
Still Pursued.....	35
Sad Days at the Miller's Cottage.....	37
Death.....	43
Odds are Even.....	46



## AN OLD TIME TRAGEDY.

---

MANY years ago there lived in the village of Crawley, a charming place situated a few miles from London, a miller and his daughter Olive, a most beautiful girl of fifteen, possessed of big blue eyes and a wealth of wavy dead gold hair that hung in ringlets over her shoulders. She was tall for her age and had a perfect sylph-like form, and small shapely hands and feet. The miller's picturesque cottage stood on the roadside about a quarter of a mile from the mill. His mother kept house for him; his wife having died when Olive was but four years old. We will take a peep inside the cottage, it is scrupulously clean. The July sun is shining in through the windows, making mirrors of the bright copper pots and pans that hang about the walls of the quaint old kitchen.

A spotless white cloth is on the table, the tea-things are set, and the bright copper kettle is hissing and spitting on the hot hob, waiting for the tea to be brewed. And there by the window sits a sweet face old lady, wearing a neat gown and cap of the quaker order. Her fingers are busy, plying the knitting needles. "I wish Olive would come!" she murmured as she glanced at the clock that hung on the wall. The hands pointed to the hour of four; and at the same moment a sweet girlish voice was heard in the distance. Olive had been out for a ramble with her pet in the shape of a large black collie named Moka. And the said master Moka had evidently been up to mischief, for Olive was scolding him as severely as her sweet nature would permit.

"I am going to chain you up for punishment," she cried. And suiting the action to the word, she took him by the collar and led him across the yard to the outhouse and fastened him to his kennel.

"There, sir! I hope that will teach you

better manners," she said as she turned her steps towards the cottage.

"Come, child ! Thou hast stayed long, and thy father also, is behind time this evening," said her grandmother as she, Olive, entered the kitchen.

"I am very sorry, grandmother, I really did not think it was so late," she answered penitently, but withal, a happy look on her beautiful oval face.

"Tut ! child, thou need not be sorry. I see the walk has done thee good," she added as she noticed the delicate pink and white of the young girl's complexion. "But what has Moka done, that thou hast chained him up ?" she continued.

"Oh ! he has behaved very badly indeed," she replied. "I went to the village and came back by White Lady's path."

White Lady's path, was situated in a glen on the estate belonging to Lord Aubury Finsbury ; and according to tradition the path had been so named by the present Lord Finsbury's great-grandfather to whom the

White Lady appeared. She has been seen several times since, but always to a Finsbury. I shall have occasion to speak of her later on.

We will now return to Olive. She told her grandmother she had returned from the village by White Lady's path, "and there I met Lord Finsbury," she said, "and as soon as Moka saw him he growled, and of course I scolded him, but I did not think that he meant real mischief until Lord Finsbury came close up to me, and took hold of one of my curls and said: 'What magnificent hair you have, Olive.' And before we could say Jack Robinson, Moka sprang at his throat and would have bitten him if I had not caught him by the collar just in time."

"God bless thee, child!" said the old lady, taking off her spectacles and wiping them, though I am sure they did not need it. "There is danger ahead for thee; Moka is an old dog and faithful, but it seems that he does not like Lord Finsbury; if the brute could but speak he might warn thee. But forsooth I must warn thee: Thou must keep

out of White Lady's path in future; I also forbid thee to speak with Lord Finsbury any more."

"Oh ! grandmother ! please don't forbid me to speak to Lord Finsbury, he has been so kind to me, and it gives me pleasure to talk to him ; and—and he tells me he is going away for three months ; will you forbid me to speak to him when he comes back ? "

Thus, Olive pleaded with clasped hands and a beseeching look on her lovely face. Her grandmother seemed in no hurry to reply ; but at length she heaved a heavy sigh and exclaimed : " I tell thee the dog has warned thee against Lord Finsbury." And then she got up and brewed the tea, and finished putting the eatables on the table for tea.

And by that time John Davis, the good miller, walked in the kitchen. His comely presence and cheery voice seemed to change the whole atmosphere for the time being.

" Well ! what has my little girl been

doing to-day," he said as he fondly patted Olive on the cheek. Olive was his darling, the apple of his eye, in fact he seemed to live as it were for her sake. He had loved his wife dearly, and she had borne him four children, but sad to relate, she and three of the children had long since departed this life. Only little Olive, the youngest, had been spared to him. So in answer to his question as to what she had been doing all day, she related to him her meeting with Lord Finsbury in White Lady's path, also Moka's misbehavior, as she termed it; and when she had finished her story there was a serious expression on her father's face as he calmly said:

"Well, my child! I am inclined to be of the same mind as thy grandmother, I think it will be wise of thee to keep Lord Finsbury at a distance. Therefore I hope thou wilt heed thy grandmother's words; for she knows what is best for thee to do."

Olive hung her golden head and made no answer, and the good miller and his mother

took silence for consent. Neither of them thought for a moment that Olive would wilfully do anything contrary to their wishes.

Olive had not told them that her faithful Moka had to be tied to a tree, while Lord Finsbury cut off one of her golden curls. Neither did she tell them that she was going to meet his lordship to-night, to bid him farewell for three months.

Lord Finsbury was all the world to this young girl, he had told her that he loved her; and she knew that she loved him in return. But what was the use of telling her father and grandmother, she knew in her heart that they would not approve of her being in love with Lord Finsbury, they had even forbid her to speak to him. So considering herself a very ill-used young person she resolved to let the matter drop for the present. And when at length the evening meal was finished in silence, by all three concerned, Olive got up as usual and cleared the table, washed and put away the china and put everything neat about the kitchen.

Her father lit his pipe, took the newspaper and wandered out to the old-fashioned porch where he usually sat during the summer evenings till bedtime. And her grandmother, after attending to various household duties, took up her knitting and joined the miller in the porch.

The evening air was glorious, and the odor of roses and the lily of the valley came along on the summer breeze. But at length all the birds settled twittering into their nests, and the twilight ceased to be, and the clear pale moon rose slowly up into the heavens.

“What a lovely evening for a tryst!” thought Olive as she quietly stepped out of the cottage by the back door and walked in the direction of White Lady’s path.

Poor Moka tried to break loose from his chain when he heard her footsteps going down the road, but finding that he could not do so, he lay down without a murmur, even though his poor old heart was breaking; for he knew that he had offended his beloved

mistress, and she had not been near him since, to make it up with him in the shape of a couple of lumps of sugar of which he was very fond.

## THE LOVERS MEET IN THE GLEN.

OLIVE very soon reached White Lady's path. The clear moon beams fell through the trees and gave a touch of romance to the scene.

In the distance a tall figure could be seen gliding along. A figure that Olive knew and loved not wisely, but far too well. It was Lord Aubury Finsbury ; the next minute Olive was clasped in his arms.

"So my little sweetheart did not forget to come," he said in low whispered tones. "You did not tell your people where you were coming, did you, little one?" he inquired in tender tones.

"No! Aubury, I did not! in fact I dare not. Because they have forbidden me to speak to you any more; isn't it dreadful? and I love you so, that I could not help dis-

obeying them, even though I love them both very much," said Olive in her sweet child-like voice.

"Well! never mind, darling, I shall always love you! and when I come back from this cruising expedition, which will be in about three months' time, I shall marry you. And when you are Countess Finsbury you will be able to laugh at your old granny, and your father; won't you, Olive?"

Olive made no reply as to whether she would laugh at her good people or not. Her golden head was resting against Lord Finsbury's shoulder, and she felt supremely happy. She liked the idea of being Countess Finsbury. She had visions of being mistress of one of the finest castles in England, with dozens of servants to wait on her; ah! surely, when she would be Countess Finsbury her father and grandmother would see that she had done right, by giving her heart's best love to Lord Finsbury.

The moon had risen very much higher in

the heavens since Olive had entered White Lady's path, but the young girl had no thought as to time, or night. She loved this man so much that she completely forgot herself, but at length her lover bade her go. "Good-by, my little Olive," he said. "In three months' time I shall be back to claim you as my bride. Kiss me once more and go," he continued.

"Oh, Aubury ! I wish you were not going on this cruising expedition ; I feel so miserable when I think of you going away for such a long time."

"I am sorry I cannot take you with me, dear, but the time will soon slip away, and now, sweetheart, good-by," he said again tenderly, as he led her along to the end of the path. Thus the lovers parted to meet under very different circumstances four months later.

When his lordship had watched Olive as far as he could see her, he turned the opposite direction toward the castle. He was a tall handsome blond of slight but strong

build, and was about thirty years of age. Being rich, and good-natured, he was very popular with all classes of people.

From the miller's cottage the castle could be seen high up on the hill, and Olive had a splendid view of it from her own dainty bedroom window and many, many weary hours did she spend gazing out at the castle, longing for the time when its lord and master would return and claim her for his bride. And at last the three long months had elapsed, but Olive had received no word or sign from her beloved Aubury, and her heart was beginning to feel very heavy, and hopeless. The roses faded from her cheeks and she was no longer the bright winsome girl that she used to be.

“Thou hast not been looking well this last few days, child!” said her grandmother three weeks later. “And I think a little change of air will do thee good. James is going to Greenwood to-day with flour, and I propose that thou goest with

him and he can put thee down at thy Aunt Hannah's, and I will send a few jars of my best preserves to her, and thou canst stay over Sunday. I know she will be very glad to have thee."

"Very well, grandmother, I will go and see Aunt Hannah if you wish," she replied indifferently.

"What ails thee, child? A few months ago thou wouldest jump for joy at the prospect of going to see thy Aunt Hannah. Now thou seemest not to care one way or the other. Thou art indeed sorely changed.

"Ah, yes! a few months ago it was July, it is now November, granny, and very chilly for a fourteen-miles ride in an open cart."

"Tut, child! thou never used to think whether it was June or January, thou wert always fond of being out door till lately."

"Don't be angry with me, Granny, I will go over to Aunt Hannah's for you with pleasure," she answered meekly.

"But, child, 'tis not for me I want thee

The Lovers Meet in The Glen. 19

to go, 'tis for thyself; because I think a little change will do thee good!"

"Very well, granny! What time will James be ready to start?" she asked as she threw her arms about her grandmother's neck and kissed her over and over again, and clung to her, as if she knew it would be for the last time.

"He starts about twelve, Lamie, it is now nine, so thou wilt have plenty of time to pack up what few things thou wilt need for a few days. And I will go and make ready the preserves."

Thus the two parted, the elder to the storeroom, the younger to her bedroom, and promptly at twelve o'clock Olive stood at the cottage door, warmly clad, waiting for James, and a few minutes later she was in the cart rattling away down the road, and the poor old granny stood at the door, with sad tear-bedimmed eyes watching the cart bear away her dearest treasure on earth.

"Alas, alas!" she moaned. "There is something wrong with my poor lamb, she is

so wan and pale, and yet she is more beautiful than ever. She looks like her mother did just before she died. Oh ! it cannot be, it cannot be that my darling is going to die !” she wailed as she wrung her hands in despair and turned into the cottage and closed the door.

## A BITTER REPULSE.

It was about the end of November and John Davis stood outside the mill door looking up at the dull leaden sky, wondering whether it was going to snow, hail or rain. And just then Jackson, the village carpenter, came along.

“Hallo, Jackson!” cried the miller. “Art thou busy? There’s one or two jobs in the mill I’d like thee to do to-day if thou could’st.”

“Very sorry,” replied Jackson as he halted in the middle of the road with his large frail slung across his shoulders. “I can’t stop to attend to it now! I got word yesterday from Lord Finsbury to be at the castle to-day without fail.”

“Oh, indeed! Then his lordship has returned from abroad,” said the miller.

“Aye! and more than that; he has

brought a wife back with him ; so Peter his valet tells me.”

“ Married ! and when are they coming to the castle ? ” said the miller all in one breath.

“ His lordship will be down in a day or two ; but the countess will remain in London until the castle has been renovated ; Peter says she is a rare beauty. He says it was a case of love at first sight. They met at a ball, in Norway. And Peter says she is a Russian of noble birth ; I think he said she was a Miss Ursula Ostersky, or some such a name.”

Jackson having thus delivered himself of this very important bit of information, waved his hand good morning to the miller and hurried on to the castle.

“ So the young harem-scarem is married,” ejaculated the miller indifferently as he turned into the mill, and repeated the news to his men.

Two evenings later, Olive was returning home, in the carrier cart ; she had been

away four days and her grandmother and father were looking forward to her coming home as anxiously as if she had been away four years.

“I will get down here, and walk through the glen,” said Olive to the carrier as he turned a bend in the road in the direction of Lord Finsbury’s estate.

“’Tis past five o’clock, Miss, and you’ll find it rather dark to walk in the glen,” interposed the driver.

“Oh! I know every inch of the ground; besides, there’s the moon rising yonder; never fear, I shall get along all right,” said Olive, with a light laugh.

And before the driver could say another word, she had jumped from the cart and disappeared within the glen.

The fact of the matter was this: Olive had noticed that certain windows at the castle were lighted up; which told her Lord Finsbury must be there. So she thought she would walk through the glen. Perhaps by chance she might meet her beloved Aubury

there. And when she came within twenty feet of the rustic seat, their accustomed trysting place in the old days, she discerned a figure sitting there.

“Could it be Aubury?” she wondered.

If it was, he did not appear to hear her approaching footsteps; so she stood still for a moment, scarce knowing how to act. The next moment Lord Finsbury (for it was he) turned his head in her direction.

“Who’s that?” he asked.

“It is I!” cried Olive as she recognized his voice. “Oh! how glad I am to see you,” she said as she reached the seat and sat down beside him. He made no advance to meet her.

“How do you do?” he said coolly. “And what are you doing here at this hour?” he asked, in cold hard tones.

“I—I came to look for you, Aubury! oh! I have been watching and waiting for you so long,” she said sadly, for she noticed the coolness of his manner, he had not even kissed her.

“Nonsense!” he said after a pause. “I am sure you did not come here to meet me. I saw a fellow, whom I suppose is one of your lovers, go down the beach walk a few minutes ago. I suppose you have had no end of lovers since I have been away, but of course I don’t blame you.”

“I don’t understand how you can speak to me thus,” said Olive, mournfully.

“Oh, you don’t?” he replied, in tones that struck like a chill through the young girl’s heart.

“O, Aubury!” she cried, clinging to his arm. “Have you ceased to care for me?”

“Don’t be such a little fool!” he answered, as he disengaged her small white hands from about his shoulders. “What do you think my wife would say if she saw you acting in this manner?” he continued.

“Your wife?” gasped Olive. “Why, you have always told me that I was your future wife. Oh, what shall I do? I have always loved you better than any one else on earth,” she sobbed hysterically.

“It was all a mistake, Olive, and it can’t be helped now, and listen to me, Olive! in a few days’ time I shall be bringing my bride to the castle; and remember, from this time forth you and I must meet no more as lovers. Here,” he continued, “take this from me! you may find it useful some day. And, Olive, take my advice and try to forget that you ever knew Aubury Finsbury.”

He had thrust a roll of paper into her hand, and her instinct told her it was bank notes.

She quickly sprung to her feet.

“You have deceived me, and broken my heart!” she cried wildly, as she flung the bank notes full into his face. “I do not want your money, I do not want your money, she repeated bitterly, and then with a wild hysterical scream she ran with the fleetness of a wild deer in the direction of her home, and Lord Finsbury did not pursue her.

Suddenly a black cloud passed over the risen moon and left the glen in total dark-

ness for the time being, and as Lord Finsbury looked out into the blackness of the night, he saw before him the figure of a tall woman heavily draped in white ; and in her hand she bore an unsheathed sword which glistened in the darkness.

“ Who are you ? ” inquired Lord Finsbury hoarsely.

“ Ah ! my lord ! ” said the woman, in deep silvery tones. “ Thou didst not think that thou wouldst have to deal with me, didst thou ? But time will tell thee that it is so.”

“ Once again, I say, who are thou ? ” repeated Lord Finsbury, every nerve in his body unstrung.

“ I am Salvais ! better known as the White Lady who made a solemn vow one hundred years ago to avenge all young girls betrayed by a Finsbury. Alas ! I cannot save them, but I have the power to avenge them. Therefore, I have come to tell thee that for what thou hast done, thou wilt receive thy reward. But the young girl will be happy.

She will know sorrow no more from this night. The remainder of her days will be as a happy dream. But thou wilt suffer. And when thy cup of sorrow is full to the brim, so full that thou wilt be on the brink of madness, and think that it would be best for thee to die, thou canst call me, Salvais ! the avenger of the young girl whose heart thou hast just bruised, and I will come and with the point of my sword I will pierce thy heart."

The black cloud had passed over the moon, and silvery shafts of light fell through the trees once more ; and Lord Finsbury looked round for Salvais. But she had disappeared as silently as she came.

"Ugh !" he muttered, as a shiver ran through his frame. "I must have fell asleep and been dreaming. But what an odious dream !" Thus ejaculating he hurried out of the glen. And when he arrived at the castle gates he saw Salvais standing before him, and knew then that what had occurred in the glen was no dream.

Salvais stood pointing her sword full at his heart.

“Not now, Salvais! My God! I have not called thee yet!” he cried as he shaded his eyes with his hand.

The light which shown around the White Lady was so dazzling and bright that he could not see with his bare eyes; and as he spoke he turned his back on her and fled in another direction which led to a side door into the castle, but before he had time to close the door behind him, he heard the sharp-ringing laugh of a woman as if in triumph.

## HAUNTED.

“God help me!” cried his lordship when at length he had reached his bedroom and thrown himself down on a couch; and after he had rested himself for a few minutes he rang his bell.

“Peter! tell Mr. Hyde I wish to speak to him,” he said, as the valet knocked and entered the room.

“Yes! my lord,” said Peter, and with a bow withdrew.

Mr. Hyde was his lordship’s house steward and friend. He had been steward at the castle years before his lordship saw the daylight. He was one of the real old-fashioned servant type that is not to be met with nowadays.

When Lord Finsbury rung his bell, old Hyde (for he was quite ancient) was

sitting in his comfortable armchair by the fireside.

“’Twill be like old times again now that we are going to have a ladyship to reign over us once more,” he was saying to John the head coachman. “Somehow the castle ain’t looked like the same since the old countess died,” he continued.

“Well!” replied John, “it’s like enough we’ll have a power more work to do.”

“Yes! that may be, but—but—” And here Hyde paused and did not appear to be going on any further with the conversation.

“What were you going to say?” inquired John.

“Well, I was going to say as how I have always had a wish to see my young lord married.”

At this juncture, Peter appeared on the scene.

“If you please, Mr. Hyde, will you go to his lordship’s apartment, he wants to speak to you,” he said respectfully.

“Ah! more orders about getting the cas-

tle decked in her best bibs and tuckers, I'll warrant," said the old man as he rose from his chair and shuffled off as fast as he could to his lordship's room.

"Come in!" said Aubury in response to a gentle tap at the door. "Good evening, Hyde, come and sit down, I want to talk to you. I suppose you are wondering why I have sent for you at this hour."

"Why, bless you, no, Master Aubury. Nothing would surprise me at this important time; it does my heart good to think of the stir and bustle we shall have when her ladyship arrives," said Hyde as he seated himself in a chair close to his lordship.

"But, Hyde, I have changed my mind, and have decided not to occupy the castle this winter."

"Well! surely thou art a changeable lad!" said Hyde, scratching his head fiercely. "'Tis not many hours since thou told me to get the castle spick and span as soon as possible."

"Yes, yes! I know, but I assure you I

have good reasons for changing my mind this time."

"I can't get over it!" said Hyde, still scratching his head.

"Well, my dear Hyde, I know you have always been my friend."

"Aye! Master Aubury, and always will be as long as thee and I do live," responded the old man, feelingly.

"Thank you!" said Aubury, as he grasped his hand. "I know I can trust you, so I will tell you a secret. But I will lock the door first."

Thus saying, Aubury walked over to the door and turned the key in the lock. And half an hour later it was a sorry looking old man that walked into the servants' hall.

"Why, Mr. Hyde! What is the matter? Hast thou seen a ghost?" inquired the butler.

"Ghost! indeed!" snapped Hyde indignantly. "No! I have not seen a ghost. But I am bitterly disappointed. His lordship has changed his mind, and will not stay

here this winter. He tells me that probably he and the countess will take a trip round the world before they settle down here at the castle. And, Peter, thy master bid me send thee to him at once. Thou and he will leave Crawley to-morrow morning by the first coach," said Hyde. And as he spoke, a murmur of consternation ran from one domestic to another.

"Has the countess declined to come here?" said one. "Why has his lordship changed his mind?" inquired another. "His lordship don't know his own mind two minutes together," said another.

"Peace! peace!" cried Hyde sharply. It's none of your business why my lord has changed his mind. Be content to know that all hands will be kept, and full wages paid until further orders from his lordship; therefore asked no more questions!"

Thus saying, the old man took down his long pipe from the mantel and began smoking, and most of the domestics withdrew and left him to smoke his pipe in peace.

## STILL PURSUED.

“Ан! Ursula, dear, there you are,” cried Lord Finsbury, as he entered his apartment, on his return to London.

And Ursula, his wife, came forward to greet him. He stooped down and kissed her beautiful brow and then they walked hand in hand to a sofa and seated themselves.

“You are not well, Aubury!” said the young wife, as she noted the deadly pallor of his cheeks and brow, and the dark rings around his eyes.

“No, sweetheart, I am not feeling so very fine. I received a shock I did not bargain for, whilst at the castle; a shock that has rather unnerved me and upset my system in general,” he said, glancing toward the door nervously, as if he saw something there that displeased him.

“My poor Aubury, what happened, you

did not see a ghost; did you?" she cried anxiously as she affectionately held one of his big hands in both of her small ones.

"Why, Ursula! you are a witch; that's exactly what I saw. I have seen the Finsbury ghost, and her appearance to me bodes no good; so I propose, darling, that we will not occupy the castle this winter."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Ursula with a shudder. "You say the ghost is a woman; what is she like?" she added.

"Well, she looks like an angel; she is most serenely beautiful and her voice is like music floating on the air. But her words are bitter! bitter as gall, yes, bitter as wormwood," he repeated.

"Oh! so she spoke to you. What did she say, Aubury?"

"Oh, you shall hear that another time; but not now, dearest," he said as he wearily bowed his head in his hands and murmured, "My God! my God! she is here. She has followed me hither, whither shall I go to escape her?"

## SAD DAYS AT THE MILLER'S COTTAGE

WE will now return to the miller's cottage and take a peep within. The good grandmother is walking up and down the floor in a state of great excitement.

"I am in mortal terror lest something wrong has happened to Olive," she cried.

"There's no use in going half way to meet trouble, mother," said the miller, as he got up and opened the door and looked out.

And while he stood at the door, a dismal howl came forth from Moka who was chained to his kennel.

"For mercy's sake, go and let that poor beast loose," called his mother from within.

"Aye, aye, mother," he murmured, as he caught up the lantern from the doorstep and walked across the yard to the out-house. In one corner was Moka's kennel,

and as the miller glanced in that direction a cry of horror fell from his lips, for the senseless form of Olive was lying beside the kennel, and the poor dog whined with delight at sight of his beloved master. "My God! what can have happened?" he cried, as he quickly let the dog loose and then gathered Olive up in his arms and hurried into the cottage.

"What is the trouble?" inquired the miller of the doctor two hours later.

"She appears to be suffering from a severe shock," replied the doctor, thoughtfully. "I can do nothing more to-night, I will come early to-morrow morning," he added.

"My God! and is she to stay like that until to-morrow?" cried the miller in tones of the deepest despair, as he glared widely on the dead white face of his child. She had opened her great blue eyes several times since her father carried her in from the outhouse, but there was no recognition in their sad depth, they stared into vacancy.

"No, I cannot do anything more to-night, said the doctor, but some one had better sit up with her all night and moisten her lips occasionally with weak brandy and water."

"Oh, my darling! my little Olive!" moaned the grandmother as she tenderly chafed the girl's small white hands. Thus the father and grandmother sat through the long hours of the night, watching and waiting for Olive to open her eyes and speak to them; but the night passed and the daylight shone forth in all her glory and splendor without bringing any change in Olive. But at length the doctor came and roused her so that she opened her beautiful eyes once more and looked into vacancy.

"I am afraid her mind has gone!" said the doctor in a whisper to the grandmother.

God bless me! can it be possible that such a thing could happen to my bright little Olive?" she said excitedly.

"What can we do for her?" said the miller, and his big frame shook with a sob that escaped him, as he stood by the bed-

side with a cold, stern look on his face, and arms tightly folded.

“You can both do a great deal for the poor girl,” said the doctor, seriously. “She will need all the care and kindness you can possibly give her, until her mind, which has become a blank, clears again.”

“Ah, thank God! then you think it is only temporary you think she will get better again?” said the miller, hopefully.

“O yes! I think there will be a change for the better after her—ahem—” And here the doctor hesitated. “Well, I hate to tell you, but of course you will have to know,” he continued in a quiet tone.

“Oh! don’t keep anything from us that we ought to know,” pleaded the grandmother.

“Well, what I was going to say is that perhaps after her child is born there may be a change for the better, but not before.”

For a few seconds neither the miller nor his mother spoke. But at length the good grandmother clasped her hands together and

reverently said : " God's holy will be done." But the miller remained with his head bowed in silence for some time, and at last he cried out in a loud unnatural voice :

" Oh ! what have I done, that God should deal thus with me ? In my early marriage days my beloved wife snatched from me, and soon after, three of my children ; and now this terrible, this damned of all things to happen to my darling, my best beloved of all. O Olive ! I wish that you had died in your infancy. Yes ! I wish I had let you die ; I have saved you so many times from fire and water, and this is my reward ; fate would have saved you this sorrow, had I not intervened."

Thus poor John Davis rambled on wildly, between his sobs ; sobs that shook the strong man's frame.

" Come, Davis ! Brace up, man, this is not the very worse thing in the world that could happen," said the doctor soothingly.

" You are not a father, therefore you can never understand how heavy this sorrow

weighs upon me. But of course, I must brace up, and God help my mother to do the same," he said quietly as he gazed into the dry, calm eyes of his mother who sat beside him, trying to soothe him, even though her own heart was breaking.

## DEATH.

THE days, weeks and months went slowly by at the miller's cottage; the good grandmother bore her sorrow with Christian fortitude but the miller went about his daily duties with bowed head and stooping shoulders; his little girl Olive no longer welcomed him with her sunny smile and gay chatter. She had become possessed of the idea that her one mission in life was to sit and play the piano from morning till night. The poor girl appeared to think that she was playing in public before an audience, as every now and again she would get up and bow before the bare walls of the room as if bowing to an audience that had encored her; and then she would sit down at the piano again and sometimes play the wildest, sweetest airs, and sometimes something impossible to understand. Her father and grandmother were

as utter strangers to her ; she frequently talked to them and told them that she was quite alone in the world and that as far back as she could remember she had earned her livelihood as a pianist, etc. And this went on day after day, until at last the final break came.

One bright morning in April all the shades were drawn down on the windows of the miller's cottage, and there were weeping and wailing within ; for, alas ! the angel of death has stolen in their midst, and borne away the gentle spirit of Olive Davis to the far unknown. And the dear little blue-eyed boy who had arrived a few days before, lay cooing in his great-grand-mother's arms.

“ Oh ! what shall I do ? How can I live without my Olive ? ” moaned the old lady.

“ Take comfort, mother,” said the miller reverently. “ You have her boy. Let him take her place in your heart. Believe me, Olive is better dead than alive ; she would never have been happy again in this life if

L. of G.

she had lived. For my part I do not grudge her her rest. Therefore do not grieve for her any more, let her rest in peace."

"Thou speakest wisely," murmured the mother. "God's will be done!" she continued, as she passionately kissed and folded the baby to her bosom.

## ODDS ARE EVEN.

It is two years since Lord Finsbury so hurriedly left the castle. But at last they have got word that he is coming back once more. They have also heard that his lordship's health has been failing for some time past.

And truly, when his lordship arrived at the castle he was but a sorry remnant of his former self. Leaning one arm on the countess, and the other on his faithful Hyde, he entered the castle never to leave it again alive.

We will now take a peep into his lordship's sleeping apartment ; he is lying on his bed sick unto death. His wife, the countess, is sitting by the bedside by way of keeping him company, and Hyde is busy clearing up some letters and papers that have been strewn about the floor.

“Hyde!” said his lordship, feebly. “Is that girl still in Crawley?”

“What girl do you mean?” inquired the former.

“Oh, don’t you remember that story I told you about three years ago?” said his lordship peevishly.

“Oh, yes, Master Aubury, I remember now. But I was in hope that you had forgotten that unhappy affair.”

“Oh no! She—I mean Salvais would not let me forget it; she has pursued me everywhere, right up to now. But tell me, is Olive Davis still at Crawley?”

“No! Master Aubury, she—she—”

Thus Hyde hesitated.

“Well, go on, go on,” said his lordship, fretfully.

“Well, Master Aubury, Miss Davis has been dead almost this two years; she died a few hours after her child was born.”

“Died a few hours after her child was born, did you say?” said his lordship hoarsely.

“Yes, Master Aubury.” And here Hyde related all he knew about Olive, from the time she was found unconscious in the out-house up to the time she died.

“See, what month did you say the child was born?” gasped his lordship.

“In April!” replied Hyde.

“May God forgive me, I have a great deal to answer for, and you, my good Hyde, never betrayed me, what I mean they, her people, never knew that I was her lover?”

“No, Master Aubury, as far as I know, the whole thing has been, and remains to this day a mystery to the Crawley people.”

“Ursula! do you hear this?” said Aubury feebly to the countess.

“Yes! I have heard it all!” she answered in cold, slowly measured tones, which meant a great deal from her. She had loved and almost worshiped her husband from the first time she met him, right up to the moment she heard his secret revealed by Hyde. “Yes! I have heard it all,” she repeated after a slight pause. “And if you

were not so ill, I would give back my wedding ring, and leave you forever."

"Yes! my Ursula, if you were not an angel, perhaps you would leave me, but you are too good, too pure, too true a woman to leave me thus in my last hour. And remember, Ursula, though I deceived that poor girl, I gave to you my heart's best, and undying love, and for the sake of this love I must ask you to forgive me."

"I can never forgive you!" she murmured as she sat bent over, with her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Ursula, I have suffered so much, won't you try to forgive me?" he pleaded.

"No! I cannot!" she repeated slowly and in tones of intense agony.

"Ah! then this must be the end. Surely my cup of sorrow is full to the brim now," he said wearily, and with a deep-drawn sigh he threw himself back on the pillows and uttered in a clear but weak voice the name of "Salvais."

"Nay, one moment more," he gasped, as

he raised himself up, and turning to his wife, he cried wildly: "Oh, Ursula! will you refuse me one last kiss, one last embrace?"

He waited for a moment but there came no response from his wife. So with the wild despair of a madman he flung the silken coverlet from him, and baring his breast, he cried in a loud voice: "Salvais! Salvais! come quickly!" and fell back dead.

When the doctors came, they said his death was due to hemorrhage of the heart. But old Hyde always thought that it was by the hand of Salvais his young lord died.



MAR 24 1900

MAR 24 1902

1 COPY DEL. TO CAT. DIV.

MAR. 24 1902

MAR. 31 1902



